

# The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1886.

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## The Acton Free Press

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.  
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ACTON, ONTARIO

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Dentist, Georgetown, Ont., uses the  
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soundness, and certificates given.

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**PATENTS SECURED**  
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20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER  
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promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.  
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Periodicals of every description carefully  
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Money to Loan on Farm Property at 6  
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Farms wanted for our lists. Correspond-  
ence invited. Office near the Post Office  
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STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,  
BANKERS,  
Acton, Ontario.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS  
TRANSACTION.

**MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED  
NOTES.**  
Notes Discounted and Interest  
Allowed on Deposits.

**DON'T READ THIS.**  
THE undersigned is prepared to furnish  
on the shortest notice, in any quantity  
and at bottom prices, first-class

**Lumber, Lath, Staves, Head-  
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**ALSO FLOUR AND FEED,**  
and anything in the line of farmers', house-  
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**BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

**THE THIRD SCHOLASTIC YEAR**  
begins September 1st. Patronage  
drawn from Ten States and Provinces.  
Young men and boys thoroughly prepared  
for business pursuits. Graduates em-  
ployed as Accountants, Business  
Managers, Shorthand Writers, Clerks,  
Salesmen, Travellers, etc., both in Canada  
and the United States. Moderate rates,  
thorough, practical work and courteous  
treatment characterize the institution.  
Ladies admitted to all the advantages of  
the College.

Splendid facilities afforded for the ac-  
quisition of French and German.  
For information address  
M. MacCORMICK,  
Principal.

**Lumber, Shingles,  
AND LATH.**

The undersigned desires to inform the public  
that he has now on hand and will keep in  
stock a full line of Pine and Spruce of white  
other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second  
class Pine Shingles & Lath.

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Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C.  
Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of  
Store Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—  
Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood at reason-  
able prices. Wood and Coal delivered.  
JAMES BROWN

**MUTUAL  
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
OF THE  
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**HELLO!**  
Pause and Consider

That it will be to your own interest to pa-  
tronize home trade. We would respectfully  
inform the inhabitants of Acton and sur-  
rounding country that we are again in full  
running order, and in a better position than  
before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to  
us. To parties building,

**Lumber will be Dress'd**  
while you wait, and Mouldings, &c., made  
with neatness and despatch.

**PUMPS**  
on short notice, and from long experience  
in the business we feel confident that we  
can give satisfaction every time. So come  
on with your order and help to roll the ball  
along. Money makes the mare go, whether  
she has legs or no.

**THOS. EBBAGE, Manager**

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**BREAD**  
Will be left daily at the store of

**MR. JOHN NELSON**  
For the accommodation of customers.

The Delivery Wagon will also call three  
times a week as usual.

**Mrs. T. Statham.**

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TO THE  
ACTON PEOPLE

DAY'S BOOKSTORE  
GUELPH.

The stock is full of  
**Nice, New Fancy Goods**

Bought by Mr. Day when in England  
this summer.

TOY BOOKS,  
GAMES, TOYS,  
CHOICE BOOKS, BIBLES,  
HAND SATCHELS,  
WRITING DESKS,  
DRESSING CASES,  
And 1,000 other things.

**SUITABLE FOR XMAS PRESENTS**

It will pay you to visit  
**DAY'S BOOKSTORE.**

**GUELPH  
CLOTH HALL.**

**IN OVERCOATINGS**

**FANCY CHECK MELTONS,**  
PLAIN MELTONS, ALL SHADES,  
MOSCOW BEAVERS,  
NAP BEAVERS,  
VENETIANS,

**Plain & Fancy Worsteds.**

**OUR STORY.**

**POSTAL CARDS.**  
BY FRANCIS E. WARDLEIGH.

Friends of the two girls often thought it  
was a great pity that Mrs. Arbutnot and  
her husband had been appointed sole guard-  
ians of Jasper Nevins' niece, with full care  
of their money as well as of the girls them-  
selves; for Mr. Arbutnot, though a good,  
well-meaning man, was as clay in his ac-  
tivity's hands, and all who knew her knew  
that money was the one thing she wor-  
shipped. In her way she was fond of these  
girls, whose mother had been her favorite  
sister, and she gave them a happy home—  
happy, that is, until the over-troublesome  
questions about lovers began to rise.

**Wellington Marble Works.**  
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.

**John H. Hamilton,**  
PROPRIETOR.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Marble,  
Granite and everything pertaining  
to Cemetery work. Direct  
importer of all kinds  
of Granite and  
Marble.

Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite  
quarries, and having purchased the entire stock  
of gray and red granite monuments, headstones,  
crosses, urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less  
than cost, I will, until further notice, sell at  
prices never before known in Ontario. For in-  
stance—Granite monuments, 11 ft. high, 500 7 ft.  
2 1/2 ft. 250 9 ft. 1100 10 ft. 8 1/2 ft. All work  
material warranted first-class. Parties wanting  
anything in this line will do well to call and see  
me before purchasing elsewhere, as I guarantee  
my prices are from 20 to 25 per cent. below all  
other dealers.

**ACTON  
MEAT MARKET!**

**Rutledge & Crosson,  
BUTCHERS,**

Have purchased the business of Mr. B.  
Holmes, and solicit a share of public  
patronage.

The members of the firm are practical  
butchers, and are prepared to ensure their  
customers thorough satisfaction. There  
will always be found on hand a full stock  
of all kinds of meat, &c., in season.

We have settled in Acton to stay, and  
feel satisfied that by transacting business  
upon business principles we will win public  
confidence and support.

**Rutledge & Crosson.**  
Acton, Feb. 9th, 1886.

**NEW BLACKSMITH  
IN ACTON.**

**ANDREW TESKEY**  
Having purchased the General Blacksmithing  
Business of Mr. P. J. Burns, solicits the  
patronage of all the customers of the shop  
and the public generally.

**HORSESHOEING**  
Will be made a special feature of the busi-  
ness. Interfering horses carefully shod and  
cured.

Having had large experience in the  
manufacture and repairing of agricultural  
implements and machinery of all kinds, as  
well as of general work, I feel that I can  
warrant satisfaction in every case.

**ANDREW TESKEY.**

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THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1886.

POETRY.

**THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.**  
How pleasant it seems to live on a farm,  
Where nature's goodly gifts are  
And sit beneath the shade of the old locust  
tree,  
As the sun is just sinking to rest;  
But not half so pleasant to hie in the field,  
Where the witch grass is six inches high,  
With the hot scorching sun pouring down  
on your back,  
Seems each moment as though you would  
die.

This pleasant to sit in the cool porch door,  
When they smoke, half reclined at your  
case,  
Looking out o'er your beautiful fields of  
grass,  
That way to and fro in the breeze;  
But not quite so pleasant to start with your  
sweaty  
Ere the morning sun smiles o'er the land,  
And work till your clothes are completely  
wet,  
And blisters shall cover your hand.

In keeping a dairy there's surely delight  
And it speaks of contentment and plenty  
To see a large stable well filled with choice  
cows,  
Say, numbering from fifteen to twenty;  
And yet it seems hard, when you've worked  
from the dawn  
Till the sun disappears from your sight,  
To think of the cows you have yet to milk  
before you retire for the night.

In raising young pigs there is surely a  
charm,  
When the night draws its curtains around,  
And of all the young stock which a farmer  
can raise,  
There's nothing that looks half so nice.  
How cheerful one feels as he lingers thru  
at night,  
The encouraging number of eleven!  
But his joys slightly wane when he goes  
out next day  
And of five ones can count only seven!

The pleasant to sit by a warm winter fire,  
When the night draws its curtains around,  
With wife and children to make home com-  
plete,  
And peace and contentment abound;  
But ecstasy fades when you shoulder your  
plow,  
And trudge of a mile through the snow,  
While the cutting west wind drives the  
snow in your face,  
So you scarcely can see where you go.

But no one disputes that the farmer is  
a man,  
With true independence and labor—  
Whose food don't depend on the whim of  
market,  
Like that of the mercantile neighbor;  
For God, in His mercy, looks down from  
above,  
And paternally gives him his bread,  
Provided he works eighteen hours every  
day,  
And devotes only six to his bed.

**OUR STORY.**

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**ANDREW TESKEY.**

she returned, apologizing for her de-  
lay, saying that the evening paper had  
caught her eye, and she paused long enough  
to read over the deaths and marriages—  
just as any girl would.

The next morning Mrs. Arbutnot said  
calmly, as if she were saying nothing at all  
odd:

"I will want you to go into the city with  
me by-and-by, Lillias, to select some new  
bonnets and dresses; no way as well begin  
to prepare for your wedding."

"For my wedding?" gasped Lillias, in  
surprise.

"Certainly; you must know that Mr.  
Mariscal has been serious in the attention he  
has been paying to you these past three  
months; your manner to him has been such  
that I considered that he and I and every  
one are justified in taking it for granted  
that you are ready to become his wife. The  
wedding must take place quite soon, for he  
told my husband last night that some mat-  
ter concerning his Mexican estates made it  
necessary for him to return home within a  
month, and he desires to take his wife with  
him."

"Really, auntie, I think he might give  
me a little say in the matter," cried Lillias,  
in vexation; but said no more, because  
Minnie had on her foot in a very significant  
way, and gave her a wink which certainly  
meant "keep quiet."

Lillias understood all  
her sister's signals, for Minnie, though the  
younger, had much more discretion and  
acuteness than impulsive Lillias. "Exactly  
what plan Minnie had now she could not  
imagine, still she thought she would not  
spoil it by saying too much.

"Buy your clothes and don't contradict  
auntie," said Minnie, by the dead and dumb  
alphabet; their aunt was not looking her  
way.

"You should remember it is not the cus-  
tom in his country for a young man to  
speak of his intentions to any girl until her  
guardians have been consulted and have  
given their approval to his proposal; so,  
like a well-bred Mexican, he has come to me  
and obtained my opinion about his suit,"  
replied Mrs. Arbutnot.

"And of course you cannot go back on  
your word?" suggested Minnie, insinu-  
atingly.

"Most certainly not. I shall abide by  
what I have written to both Mr. Mariscal  
and Frank Carroll. If they are not suited  
with what I write I can't help it. I will  
abide by my decision, and I have told your  
Uncle Arbutnot, so that in case I do not  
get home from my trip to Paris before the  
very latest date set in my letter, the wed-  
ding must go on without me—or else you,  
Lillias, will be a pauper."

"Lillias is so impulsive, you know, Aunt  
Hettie, that I do wish you would write that  
down, so she will not forget," suggested  
Minnie, handing a sheet of paper to Mrs.  
Arbutnot, and then withdrawing it, adding,  
"suppose I write it and let you sign it, as  
you say your eyes trouble you to-day."

"Do so, my dear; my eyes are very bad  
to-day. But for them I would postpone my  
journey until later in the season."

So Minnie wrote—"I intend to adhere  
strictly and literally to the terms in which  
I yesterday wrote to Mariscal and Frank  
Carroll. If they are not satisfied with what  
I wrote, I can't help it. I will abide by that  
decision." And to this Mrs. Arbutnot  
appended her name and the date.

Somehow Mrs. Arbutnot's surprise,  
none of the family saw anything of Mr.  
Mariscal all that day; and she had to start  
that night for New York, whence she was  
to sail for Paris, without seeing him again.

Early next morning there came to the  
house, not Mr. Mariscal but Frank Carroll,  
who, to Lillias' intense amazement, greeted  
her as if he were her accepted lover. As  
soon as she could do so—that is, as soon as  
she could make up her mind to do so—she  
withdrew from his enfoldings arms, and  
exclaimed:

"Why, Frank, how courageous you are  
to venture here in such an assured manner  
after what Aunt Hettie wrote to you!"

"Conscience!" he repeated. "I don't  
understand you; it is because I received  
her card that I am here now. I must own  
that I was a little surprised when I read it,  
though."

"What could she have said to you?"  
asked Lillias, in amazement still.

"Here it is—read it for yourself. I only  
got it this morning, having been away on  
business, or I'd have been here last even-  
ing," he answered, handing a postal card  
to Lillias.

Mrs. Arbutnot was one of those people  
who used a postal card for any or all pur-  
poses. She had a perfect mania for them,  
and could not be persuaded not to write the  
most confidential things upon them; so  
Lillias was not at all surprised that she had  
written the communications to the two  
young men on these cards, though most  
people prefer to send such missives in a  
sealed envelope. She read:

"So sorry that I cannot see you to-night;  
I write in haste and confusion to say that  
I am more than willing that you should  
marry Lillias, and I trust that she will  
appreciate the compliment you have paid her  
—from her past treatment of you I am sure  
she will. At any rate, it is my desire that  
she should marry you and no one else, on  
pain of my displeasure."

To this was appended her name and the  
date of the preceding day.

Lillias was mystified, Frank jubilant,  
Mr. Arbutnot mildly puzzled but acquies-  
cent, and Minnie smiling, but silent. When  
Mr. Arbutnot told Frank that his wife had  
said something about having Lillias married  
within a month, even though she went  
away, and when Lillias and Minnie agreed  
with him, he was only too glad to aid in  
carrying out her expressed wishes; so the  
wedding dresses were made up in a hurry,  
and in exactly a month after the date of her  
card to Frank, Mrs. Arbutnot's older ward  
was married to her true love.

An hour or so after the wedding, Minnie  
said, cheerily, to Lillias:

"Did you ever hear any more of Mr.  
Mariscal's desire to marry you?"

"Bless me, no! I had entirely forgotten  
the man! Why, sure enough, didn't auntie  
say she had accepted his offer, and—what  
are you laughing at, Minnie?" said Lillias.

"Do you remember the night I went  
down to the library to get your gatch, and  
you wanted to know why I was gone so  
long? I said I had passed to read over the  
deaths and marriages in the paper; well,  
that was true, but there lay on the library  
table two postal cards, in auntie's own hand-  
writing, addressed to your two lovers. I  
picked them up and read them—now, don't  
frown, postals are not private! I found  
that she had evidently made a mistake in  
addressing them, for the one bearing Mr.  
Mariscal's name was a very blunt request  
for him to keep away from you; the other  
Frank has shown you. I was so afraid that  
she would find out her mistake before she  
went abroad that I just opened the front  
door and ran out and mailed them."

Such was indeed the case. What would  
otherwise have been Mrs. Arbutnot's  
wrath at Minnie's haste to mail the mis-  
directed cards no one knows, but as she  
chanced, almost as soon as she arrived in  
Paris, to learn that Mariscal was already  
privately married, she never in any way  
referred to the matter, and as Frank made  
the best of husbands, she soon forgot that  
she had ever been opposed to the match.

## THE SPINNER.

She breaks the thread with an angry twang  
Just as if at her touch a harpstring rang  
And keyed to the quaint old song she sang.

That came to a halt on her cherry lip  
While she tied a knot that never could slip  
And thought of another, when her ship—

All laden with dreams in splendid guise—  
Should sail right out of the azure skies  
And a lover bring, with great brown eyes.

Ah, broad the day; but her work was done—  
Two runs by wheel. She had twisted and  
spun  
Her twosome knots by set of sun.

With her one, two, three, the wheel beside,  
And the three, two, one, of her backward  
glide,  
So to and fro in calico pride  
Till the bees went home and day-time died.

Her apron white as the white sea foam,  
She gathered the wealth of her velvet  
bloom,  
And crumpled it in with a tall back-comb.

She smoothed the dows with her naked feet,  
The track of the sun was a golden street,  
The grass was cool and the air was sweet.

The girl gazed up at the mackerel sky,  
And it looked like a pattern lifted high,  
But she never dreamed of angels nigh.

And she spoke right on: "Do just see  
there!  
What a blue and white for the clouded  
pair,  
I'm going to knit for my Sunday wear!"

The wheel is dead and the bees are gone,  
And the girl is dressed in a silver lawn,  
And her feet are shod in golden dawn!

Oh, brow that the old-time morning kissed!  
Good night, my girl of the double and  
twist!

Oh, barefoot vision! Vanishing mist!  
—Doj. Franklin Taylor.

**Volume IV. of Alden's Cyclopaedia  
of Universal Literature.**

This certainly is a work of extraordinary  
popular interest, and will be very  
strange if at its low price it should not  
receive an immense circulation. Though  
it is to extend probably to 15 volumes,  
and will include representative selections (with  
biographical sketches) from nearly 2000 of  
the most famous authors of the world,  
of all ages and all nations, yet it is easily  
within the reach of any one able to invest  
so small a sum as 10 cents a week.

The fourth volume of this excellent  
cyclopaedia is the richest, so far. It goes  
from "Cable" to "Clarke." For some  
reason, known only to Galton and other  
curious writers, the letter C is apparently  
favorable to science. Here we find such  
poets as Cædmon, Calderon, Callimachus;  
Cassiodorus, Caspelli and Chatterton; we  
listen to such preachers as Chalmers,  
Chrysostom, and Chaspin; Carlyle and  
Clarendon dispute the honors of history;  
Calvin wears the laurels of the incompar-  
able theologian; although Chesebrough, Chil-  
ingworth, Channing and Freeman Clarke  
are his near neighbors, and Cæsar bears  
off the palm for oratory, while Ciceron